

SAGAS OF THE SEA, SHIPS, PLUNDER AND...



NO. 3
MARCH

10¢



10¢

PIRACY



BLACKBEARD

IT BEGAN AS IT WAS TO END...WITH LAUGHTER. THE TWO MEN STOOD IN THEIR RIBBONS AND LACE AMID THE RUM-LADEN ATMOSPHERE WHICH SEEMED TO SWIRL IN RHYTHM WITH THE RAUCOUS HOWLS OF DELIGHT ECHOING OFF THE SMOKE-BLACKENED RAFTERS. FOR THIS WAS TORTARA, THE SAFE HAVEN OF THE BROTHERHOOD OF PIRATEERS. HERE, BLACKBEARD THE PIRATE WAS MASTER, AND THE MASTER LAUGHED AT THESE COMICAL FOES, STEDE BONNET AND JOHN RUIZ, WHO HAD DARED TO SEEK HIM OUT...

IT SEEMS THAT BLACKBEARD FINDS MY OFFER AMUSING, BUT I HAD THOUGHT TO FIND HIM A MORE CLEVER MAN! BUT PERHAPS HE DID NOT UNDERSTAND, DID HE?



THE ROUGHING LAUGHTER ERUPTING FROM THE PIRATE LEADER DIED. HE FLUNG THE WENCH ON HIS KNEE ASIDE, AND STOOD UP SCOWLING...

I BRING YOU A **BRIG** AND **FORTY MEN**, BLACKBEARD. A **LOST FOR GOLD**, MY SHIP, THE **VOLPARE**, MOUNTS **TWENTY CANNON**...

THE **DEVIL'S CURSE** ON YOU AND YOUR **VULPARE**, THUNDERBOMB COCKBOOM. YOU CARRY A **SHARP TONGUE** IN YOUR HEAD! BE CAREFUL I DON'T **SLIT IT** WITH SOMETHING **SHARPER!**



STEDE BONNET GRIMACED AND LIFTED A HALF-FILLED MUG OF RUM FROM THE OAKEN TABLE, AS BLACKBEARD CONTINUED...

YOU'RE NEW TO THE BROTHERHOOD, BONNET! **GO BACK TO SEA! LEARN YOUR TRADE**. MY CAPTAINS ARE **WEN**, NOT...

I **KNOW** MY TRADE, BLACKBEARD! I HAVE **NO BACK TO SEA! LEARN MY TRADE**. MY CAPTAINS ARE **WEN**, NOT...



JOSH PAUL, STEDE BONNET & LIEUTENANT, MOVED IN AN ATTEMPT TO STOP HIS CAPTAIN.



RECTOR! NO! THIS AMBITION WHICH DRIVES YOU...IT CAN ALSO KILL YOU!

PERHAPS! WE SHALL SEE, HAIL! LET US DECIDE WHO IS THE MAN, BLACKBEARD. MY LIFE... AGAINST A PLACE IN YOUR FLEET!

THE ELEMENTARY-DRESSERS BONNET PLUNGED THE CONTENTS OF THE RUM BAR IN BLACKBEARD'S STARTLED FACE.



BLACKBEARD SLOWLY, THEN REACHED FOR THE CANDLE HOLDER, SNATCHING A LIGHTED TAPER. HIS MEN BACKED AWAY, THEIR LAUGHTER AND CHATTER FADING.



YOU DARE?? SO BE IT, THEN! YOU WILL DIE, WHILE... WITH A CANDLE TO LIGHT YOUR WAY TO HADES!

A FAT MEN-CHAMFAN MAY BE FRIGHTENED BY YOUR CANDLES, BRAGGART... BUT NOT STEDE BONNET!! PERHAPS YOU WILL BE THE ONE TO BE SCORCHED

THERE WAS SILENCE, THEN... SILENCE WHILE HORNY FURROWS BORED FAST THE GUTTERING WAX WHICH WAS BLACKBEARD'S MARK IN BATTLE. THEN, OUTLASSES GLINTED AS THEY WERE DRAWN...



I WAS TAUGHT SWORDPLAY BY A MASTER, BOOM... BEFORE I CUT HIS NEARBY-UM-HIS SHOULDERS AS I SHALL CUT YOURS FROM YOUR SHOULDERS!

THE BATTLE BEGAN. THE LUNGE... THE PARRY... THE DINGING NOISE OF STEEL AGAINST STEEL...



MY HEAD IS NOT SO EASILY SEPARATED FROM MY BODICE, BLACKBEARD. I HAVE NEED OF IT. AND I, TOO, HAVE STUDIED SWORD-PLAY... IN ITALY... WHERE I LEARNED

AS BLACKBEARD LUNGED AHEAD, BONNET BROUGHT THE HILT OF HIS CUTLASS DOWN HARD ON BLACKBEARD'S WRIST, KNOCKING THE SWORD FROM HIS HAND...



THIS! THE PARRY WORTH! THE FLURY OF DEATH!

BONNET HELD THE POINT OF HIS SWORD AGAINST BLACKBEARD'S THROAT, BACKING HIM AGAINST A WALL...



NO, CAPTAIN! THE CHOICE IS YOURS! WHICH SHALL IT BE? A SALT THROAT... OR A PLACE IN YOUR FLEET FOR MY PICTURE...?

THE CHOICE IS SMALL! I HAVE NO HIGH TO DIE! WE...WE SAIL WITH THE EARLY TIDE!

GOOD! UNTIL MORNING, THEN COME, RUIE!



BLACKBEARD! BLACKBEARD! OUTFOUNTOFF BY A GENTLEMAN-TURNED-BROCK-KEER...BY A POP SMELLING OF SCENT!

BLACKBEARD, INFURIATED BY THIS REMARK, SNATCHED A PISTOL FROM HIS BOLT AND FIRED, SENDING A BALL INTO THE FACE OF THE PIRATE WHO HAD UTTERED IT...



BLACKBEARD GATHERED
...THIS TIME? WAS
STILL BLACKBEARD?
STILL MASTER?
MARK THAT WELL,
Y' MANSY DOGS!

MADRE
MIA!
CAPTAIN
BONNET...

YES,
BONNET!
SAW...
HE IS NOT PLEASED,
THAT CERT SURE, PER-
HAPS THIS WAS A
MISTAKE? A PLACE
IN BLACKBEARD'S
FLEET MAY WELL
TURN OUT TO BE A
SHAVE!



IT MIGHT, FOR A LESSER MAN
THAN STEVE BARNET, RUIZ, BUT
I AM AMBITIOUS...AMBITIOUS
AND CLEVER! THAT CLEVER-
NESS WILL TAKE ME FART! ONE
DAY I SHALL BE HIGHER EVEN
THAN BLACKBEARD HIMSELF!
YOU WILL SEE! BUT NOW, BACK
TO THE FUTURE, THERE IS
WORK TO DO...



WORK? ONLY THE FOGGING SEA COULD TELL OF
THE WORK THEY DID IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED. ONLY
THE GULLS HEARD THE SCREAMS OF DYING MEN AND
SAW THE GUTTED HULKS LEFT TO BLAZE AND SINK...



THE FUTURE, BLACKBEARD?
SHE HAS GADGET UP WITH
THE MERCHANTMAN?
BONNET SAYS LIKE THE
DEVIL HIMSELF!

AYE! NOW HE'LL
START WHEN HE
RETURN TO FORTUNA.
BUT, ONE DAY, IT WILL
BE DIFFERENT! A
CORPSE DOES NOT START!

ONE DAY, PERHAPS? BUT MEANWHILE, THERE WERE
THE MERCHANTMEN...THE PLATE SHIPS...FOOD FOR
BONNET'S AMBITION...



THERE WAS A YEAR OF THAT...A YEAR IN WHICH BONNET CLIMBED
FAST UNTIL HE WAS SECOND IN COMMAND OF THE PIRATE FLEET...
A YEAR IN WHICH TO PLAN AND SCHEME UNTIL HIS PLANS WERE
PERFECTED, THEN...



THE BARRABOS TREASURE SHIP? SO
THAT'S WHY YOU WANTED THIS MEETING
CALLED? YOU'RE A FOOL, BONNET! YOU'RE
MAD? SHE'LL BE ESCORTED BY ENGLISH
MEN-O-WAR!

AND DOES THE
GREAT BLACK-
BEARD FEAR
MEN O' WAR?

AYE, I DO! I KNOW
YOU, BONNET, YOU'D
HARDLY ALL FOR
YOUR OWN PROFIT?
I'LL HAVE NO PART
IN THIS!

AND YOU OTHER
CAPTAINS? I OFFER
A BOUNTY RANSOM
IN EXCHANGE FOR A
BIT OF RISK?
WHAT DO YOU SAY?



THE OTHER CAPTAINS OF THE FLEET LOOKED AT EACH OTHER.

THE RISK IS MORE THAN JUST A BIT, SONNET, BUT IF YOU HAVE A PLAN, A PLAN THAT WILL WORK, THE REWARD WILL MAKE UP FOR THAT RISK!

HAVE A PLAN!

THEN WE ARE WITH YOU!

AND I GO! I SAIL FOR TORTUGA, WHEN YOU WHO ARE LEFT ALIVE COME LIMA, AND HOME, REMEMBER THAT YOU CHOSE TO FOLLOW A FOOL!



SONNET SMILED. AN EVIL, CUNNING DEVILISH SMILE... A SMILE THAT BARED ALL FOR SOMEONE.

THEY WILL NOT LEARN! HOW COULD THEY? SOON, THIS... SOON! ONLY BLACKBEARD STANDS IN MY WAY NOW! BUT NOT FOR LONG! I TOLD YOU, RUS, I TOLD YOU I WOULD BE HONOR THAN HE SOMEDAY!



WAIT... AND THEN MOVE CLOSE. ATTACK WHILE THE FALTING MARCHES BACK... A SPECK UPON THE DISTANT HORIZON...

THE TRAP WAS SPRUNG! THE MEN OF WAR HAVE TURNED TO FIGHT OFF THE OTHERS! OUT STUDDING SAILS! FULL SAILS!



THEN HE TURNED AWAY...

SIGNAL THE OTHERS! WE SAIL AT ONCE! THEY HAVE THEIR ORDERS! THE PLANS HAVE BEEN LAID!



BUT STEVE SONNET WAS NO FOOL. A DOZEN VESSELS, WHISTLING WITH GUNS, MADE REMISSIVE LATER IN A SHELTERED COVE ON THE WILD BARBARIC COAST, AND THE LAST LINK IN A CAREFUL PLAN WAS FORGED...

HURRY! AT LAST YOU HAVE RETURNED! YOU FOUND OUT WHAT I WENT TO KNOW! YOU DELIVERED MY MESSAGE!

SLASHOR, THE TREASURE, THEY SAILED AT DAWN, AND THE MESSAGE WAS DELIVERED. IF BLACKBEARD OR THE OTHERS WERE TO FIND OUT WHAT YOU REALLY PLAN, YOUR DEATH WOULD NOT BE PLEASANT.



SUCH SIMPLE PLANS. WAIT AT SEA FOR THE LANS TO BE SLAUGHTERED...

SAILED NOT SAILS AHEAD THE STARBOARD REAR?



CANNON ROARED, MUSKETS HISSED AND BARKED, DECKS WERE RAKED, MEN DIED SCREAMING. THE BRITISH MEN OF WAR WERE LIKE TIGERS, PURSUING THEIR PREY, BUT SOMETIMES A TIGER MAY BE OUTWITTED BY A SET FOX...



CANNONS ROARING, SPITTING FLAME AND IRON DEATH, THE VULTURE BORE DOWN ON THE ABANDONED TREASURE SHIP, ABANDONED BY THE MEN-O-WAR WHO WERE DISAPPEARING OVER THE DISTANT HORIZON, LOCKED IN COMBAT WITH THE DEEDY PIRATE SHIPS.



LONG HOURS LATER, WITH THE TREASURE OF THE BARBADOES SAFELY ABOARD, THE VULTURE ALSO BECAME AWARD-BOUND VOYAGE TO FORTUNA BEGUN, STEDE BONNET SMILED...



HE KNEW NOTHING UNTIL HE CLAWED HIS WAY BACK OUT OF THE DARKNESS TO A LEERING FAMILIAR FACE.



A HUNDRED WOLVES AGAINST TWENTY SHEEP. IT DID NOT TAKE LONG FOR THE SLAUGHTER...



SUDDENLY A SCREAMING IRON BALL SMASHED THROUGH THE VULTURE'S COMPELLING TURRET AND BOVE FLITING IN A FLURRY OF GOLD AND WRECKAGE...

THE QUESTION HUNG UNANSWERED AS STEDE BONNET SAILED AND SAIL-DRIFTED-CLIMBED-WEATH-ER-TIDE OF DARKNESS... INTO THE SEA OF UNCONSIDERATION.



YOU DIRTY SHORE! YOU FRICKED ME! YOU DIDN'T SAUC TO FORTUNA? YOU WANTED THE GOLD? SO YOU WAITED FOR ME...



SHE'S CRIPPLED! THAT LAST SHOT TOOK HER RUDDER! STAND BY TO BOARD HER!

STAND BY TO BOARD.

NOT YET! SLIT THE THROATS OF THOSE WHO REMAIN ALIVE AND GET THE BULLION ON BOARD THE VULTURE. BE QUICK! THE MEN-O-WAR WILL BE COMING BACK!

PRETTY, IS IT HOT, RUFFY AND YET, IT IS ONLY METAL AFTER ALL! THERE IS ONLY ONE REAL TREASURE! POWER! THE KIND OF POWER I'LL HAVE... NOW THAT I'M MASTER OF THE BROTHERHOOD AT LAST.

THE MEN-O-WAR! IMPOSSIBLE! NOW GASP... HOW COULD THEY... CRASH... BOY!

CAPTAIN... CAPTAIN... CAPTAIN...

F-YOU-M-N-O? THIS IS A DREAM!

THIS IS NO DREAM, MY PRETTY! YOUR VULTURE LIES UNDER FORTY PATHWAYS... AND YOU AND WHAT'S LEFT OF YOUR WHOLE CREW ARE ABOARD MY SHIP... THE 'ALBATROSS'!

EXACTLY! TAKING IT FROM FORT WAS MUCH EASIER THAN TAKING IT FROM THE TREASURE SHIP PLANKED WITH MEN-O-WAR. NOW WE SAIL FOR FORTUNA! AND THE TREASURE IS MINE!

STEVE BONNET SHOOK HIS HEAD... TRYING TO CLEAR THE EMBERS... TRYING TO FIGURE IT OUT...

"HOW... HOW FAR ARE WE FROM PORTUGAL?"

"A DAY'S SAIL! BUT, DON'T WORRY! YOU'LL WALK THE PLANK BEFORE WE REACH ER..."



SUDDENLY A CRYCAME FROM AHEAD...

"SAILS HO... DEAD AHEAD! SAILS HO!"

"THE REST OF MY FLEET, EH, BONNET... COME TO HENDZVOUS WITH THE VULTURE! WON'T THEY BE SURPRISED?"



BUT THE CRY CAME AGAIN, AND STEVE BONNET BEGAN TO LAUGH...

"BRITISH MAN-O-WAR! IT'S A BRITISH MAN-O-WAR!"

"WHAT'S SO FUNNY, YOU PERFORMED POP? IT STANDS BETWEEN US AND PORTUGAL!"



"I LAUGH AT THE FORTUNES OF FATE, BLACKBANDS... HOW MEN OUTSMART EACH OTHER AND SOMETIMES OUTSMART THEMSELVES?"

"STOP YOUR CHILDISH GIBBERLE AND TAKE A SWORD! IT'S TOO CLOSE FOR US TO RUN FROM IT! WE'LL HAVE TO ENGAGE IT..."



AND SO IT WAS THAT THE TWO MEN WHO'D WISHED DEATH UPON EACH OTHER CROUCHED SHOULDERS TO SHOULDER BEHIND SPLINTERING GUNWALES AS THE ALBATROSS'S DECKS WERE RAKED WITH BRITISH CANNON AND MUSKET SHOT...

"NO USE! THEY'RE FIRING POINT-BLANK, POUNDING US TO BITS! IN A MOMENT, THEY'LL BE IN OUR FINGERS..."

"AYE, THE FRONT OF LIFE, EH, BLACKBAND? EVEN A SWORD CAN FIND HIMSELF SAVED IN HIS OWN BEST!"



SOON THE BRITISH MAN-O-WAR WAS ALONGSIDE... AND GRAPPLING NETS WERE FLUNG INTO THE ALBATROSS'S RIGGING...

"SPIDER? WHAT IS THIS TALK OF GUESTS AT A TIME LIKE THIS?"

"NO MATTER, BLACK-DEARD! LET US MEET OUR GUESTS..."



GUESTS, INDEED? UNINVITED GUESTS? GUESTS WHO HUNGRED AND SLASHED? DISCIPLINED GUESTS WHO KNEW WHAT THEY WERE ABOUT POUNCED ABOARD THE ALBATROSS... SUPPORTED BY THE ARMED MARINES RECRUITED IN THE MAN-O-WAR'S PRODIGES...



BLACKBEARD WENT DOWN WITH A VOLLEY OF MUSKET BALLS IN HIS BACK...



AN INSTANT LATER, BONNET FOLLOWED, HIS SKULL SPLIT OPEN BY A OUTLASS...



AND THE BATTLE WAS SOON OVER



THIS IS THE LAST OF THEM SIN!

PUR THEM IN BONE AND HANG THOSE TWO ROGUES FROM THE MAST-ARM! BLACKBEARD AND STEVE BONNET! WE'VE CAUGHT OURSELVES TWO BIG FISH!

THAT SHOULD HAVE BEEN THE END OF THE STORY. BUT THE END WAS YET TO BE TOLD, THERE WAS STILL THAT DAY IN PORT TO COME WHEN THE MAN-O-WAR LANDED AND AN ADMIRAL

NAMES... (The text is partially obscured and difficult to read.)



SO OUR INFORMATION WAS CORRECT! YOU DID INTERCEPT BLACKBEARD OFF TORTUGA, WELL DONE...

BONNET? HE NOW? IN THE END... HE NOW AFTER ALL! HA-HA-HA-HA!

IT WAS JUAN RUIZ, DIRTY AND CLAD IN CHAINS, WHOSE HIGH PITCHED CIRCLE DRIFTED ACROSS THE DECK...

YOU FIND THE SIGHT OF YOUR MASTER HANGING FROM THE YARD ARMS LAUGHABLE, SCUM?

SCUMSOUND! IT IS FOMORPH! A FOMORPH JOKE, TOO GOOD NOT TO BE SHARED!



JUAN RUIZ POINTED UP AT STEVE BONNET, SWIRLING IN THE WIND.

LOOK AT HIM! A HUNDRED TIMES HE SWORE! "SOME DAY I WILL BE HIGHER THAN BLACKBEARD," HE TOLD ME, AND HE IS! HE IS AT LAST! LOOK AT HIM!



HE HANGS HIGHER!

BONNET WAS SO CLEVER! HE HAD THINGS PLANNED SO WELL, ONLY ONE THING STOOD BETWEEN HIM AND HIS AMBITION, BLACKBEARD! THAT WAS WHY HE SENT ME ASSHORE AT BARBADOS... WITH A NOTE FOR YOUR ADMIRALTY!



IT IS FUNNY, NO? YOU DO NOT LAUGH? DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND? IT WAS BONNET WHO TOLD YOU WHERE TO FIND BLACKBEARD, HE WANTED BLACKBEARD DEAD, BONNET NEVER DREAMED THAT HE WOULD BE A PRISONER ON BOARD THE ALBATROSS WHEN YOU INTERCEPTED HIM! IT IS FUNNY, NO? THEN WHY DON'T YOU LAUGH! NOW...



HEW! H-H-H-H, EH, CHUCK! SEE SEE

IT ENDED AS IT BEGAN... WITH LAUGHTER... A DRY, ALMOST MANIC, KIND OF IRONIC LAUGHTER.

SCUTTLEBUTT

As of this writing, *PIRACY* has been on sale a little over a week, and the letters are beginning to pour in. Since *SCUTTLEBUTT* is your column for queries, groans, compliments and suggestions, here is a sampling of your opinions:

Dear Editors,

Congratulations! *PIRACY* is the most enjoyable and realistic mag about the sea that we have ever read. The cover by Woody was the best we've ever seen him do. In fact, the whole cover layout is fascinating. In our opinion, the only other mag that is as good as *PIRACY* is *WORLD SCIENCE-FANTASY*. When we finished the first story, we were taken completely by surprise. Before we read it, we didn't think you could do it, but you actually had shock endings for your stories. The book was great, and if the succeeding issues of *PIRACY* are as good as the first, you'll always be sure of a sell-out.

Joe Longdon
Ralph Cavallero
Brooklyn, N.Y.

You've done it again! You've managed to come out with another wonderful E.C. mag! *PIRACY*, I think, is going to be a big hit with the kids—kids who like sea stories, as well as the landlubbers who don't. *Thangbait* kept me in suspense all through the story wondering what the Cape would do to the ship that had thangbaited him. For the first issue of a new mag, you've done a superb job!

Ray Webb
Bloomington, Ill.

I have just finished your new mag *PIRACY*, and I thought I'd drop a line to tell you what I think of it. It's a great comic mag. It really has what I've been looking for—real sea adventures. I like stories about the sea, so I'm sure I'll enjoy every issue.

Jay Mitchell
Shrewsbury, W. Vir.

I like your mag, but how how about some mad sea stories? I especially like science-fiction stories.

Mike Olson
Washington, D.C.

You got your wish in this job. What? Catch King Stein's "Man O Boat" It's really lubbly--ed

So you biggie-its came up with another great mag. So what? So I'll bet my sea pay that the answer stands will be swamped with cheap imitations by the next tide. You can't win.

Jerry Justice
Atlanta, Geo.

Just finished your first issue of *PIRACY*, and all I can say is "WOW!" I don't know much about sea stories, so this question might sound stupid to you, but I would like to know if any of the stories in the first issue are true.

Paul Cameron
N. Kansas City, Mo.

Heck! We made 'em up--and!

You got a super-duper new mag! I got a kick out of the foam cover design and the stories inside. Good luck.

Don Cunningham
BCPA 4851
Hot Springs, Ark.

Congrats on your new mag. It's great!

Fred Timson
BCPA 11,437
Inglewood, Calif.

Just finished reading your new mag, and I think it is the finest, the most accurate, and the most blood-thirsty I've ever enjoyed. I hope that in time it will be changed from a bi-monthly to a monthly.

Mike Tarranto
Atlanta, Geo.

Enjoyed every moment of your *PIRACY* mag. A great debut! Jan keeps on pinning them.

L. Solinsky
N.Y.C.

I would like to know if you can tell me any firm about a certain pirate ship called The Black Falcon.

Charles Waldman
Devon, Conn.

Never heard of the tub--ed

Wherever you've been hiding, and wherever you've been doing, you sure got the best picture of the sea--not creased up with suspense and glory and all that big.

Bruce Blackhead
Salt Lake City, Utah

Finally, boys, I don't see how you can put together a finer collection of sea stories than you have assembled in your very first issue. But try, anyway, in future issues, you guys at E.C. are noted for doing the impossible. Thanks for an entirely new kind of reading experience. Only E.C. could have done it.

Wayne Leman
Hoboken, Ind.

PIRACY will keep you at the top of comic mag as anytime.

Bob Holman
El Paso, Texas

I think *PIRACY* rocks!

Gerard Robinson
Hempstead, Pa.

Well, that's all interruptions to *PIRACY*—one last wish...right away...manga envelopes! Please keep sending... your letters are always welcome! After all, you're the ones we're trying to please... so let us know what you like and what you want to see in *PIRACY*! The address for mail and sub orders is:

Scout Editors
Room 706, Dept. 3
225 Lakeside St.
N.Y.C. 12, N.Y.



V-BOAT

TWIN STEEL, CIGAR-SHAPED RIPPED FROM THE SHADDOY SUMMERGED HUNTER AND SLIDED THROUGH THE GLASSY TROUDISE SEA...



...THEIR NEAT WHITE PARALLEL WAKES CURVING, ROLLING THE OBLIT BRINE, AHEAD LOMBRED THE HELPLESS PREY...THE LIBERTY SHIP *HEART POWER*...LOOKING LIKE SOME ELEPHANTINE MONSTER AGAINST THE HORIZON, PINNED BY THE CROSS-LINES ON THE HUNTER'S PERISCOPE, ABLE ONLY TO LIE IN WAIT FOR DEATH.



AND WHEN DEATH STRUCK, THE GREAT HULK ROSE FROM THE SEA WITH A SCREAMING, PAINFUL, ANIMAL ROAR.



THEN THE HUNTER...THE U-37...CREPT FROM ITS UNDERSEA HIDING PLACE AND SURFACED. THE HATCH ON THE COMMAND TOWER OPENED, AND A FIGURE APPEARED. THEN ANOTHER. LT. HEINRICH HAGE FOLLOWED COMMANDER ERIC VON RECHNER DOWN THE LADDER TO THE DECK...



SUDDENLY, A P.T. BOAT APPEARED FROM NOWHERE, HURLING ITSELF VIOLENTLY THROUGH THE CHOPPY SEA TOWARD THE SURFACED U-BOAT.



THE P.T. BOAT CAME HEAD-ON AS THE U-BOAT'S GUN CREW SCRAMBLED TO ITS POSITION. THE DECK GUN BARRED THICK, STRADDLING THE WOULD-BE AVENGER...



THE THIRD SHOT FOUND ITS MARK. THE P.T. BOAT EXPLODED WITH A ROAR, HURLING STEEL AND FLESH INTO THE SEA.



BROOK FULL SPEED AHEAD. LT. HARRIS I SEE TWO SURVIVORS! YOU RISK OUR SUBMARINE TO RESCUE AMERICAN SWINE?



I RISK MY SUBMARINE TO SAVE HUMAN LIFE, HERE LIEUTENANT! ORDER FULL SPEED AHEAD! ACHTUNG! FULL SPEED AHEAD! PICK UP PRISONERS!



THE TWO TATTOWED AND BURNED AMERICAN SAILORS WERE PICKED UP BY THE U-33 AS...



THE U-BOAT FILLED ITS BALLASTS AND DROVE. THE SUB-CHASER... THUNDERING OVERHEAD... JETTISONED TWO "ASCARs"...



MOMENTS LATER, TWO MUFFLED, GUSHING BLASTS ROCKED THE U-33...



...AND SHE SANK LIKE A WOUNDED TIGER... SETTLING ON THE OCEAN FLOOR...



WELL, VOLK? THE EXPLOSIONS DAMAGED THE ENGINE, HERE COMMANDER. IT WILL TAKE TIME TO KNOW FOR SURE HOW BAD IT IS!



COMMANDER VON KROCHER NODDED AND RETIRED TO HIS QUARTERS TO WAITLEAVING THE GRIM-FACED, SNEERING LT. HASS TO QUESTION THE PRISONERS.



...FOR THE LAST TIME? I WANT THE NUMBER OF SWAPS IN THE COMPANY, THE NUMBER OF ESCORTS, THE DESTINATION.

SEAMAN FIRST-CLASS WILLIAM TOMPKINS, SERIAL NUMBER ASB170283.

SEAMAN FIRST-CLASS JAMES LYONS, SERIAL NUMBER ASB170283.

COME, NOW, GENTLEMEN! WE NAZIS ARE LIKE YOURSELVES, EASIER TO RETURN TO OUR FAMILIES, EASIER TO GET THIS WAR OVER WITH! WE NAZIS CANNOT LOSE, YOU KNOW, SO...

...SO, AS LONG AS YOU CAN'T LOSE, WHY BOTHER ASKING ANY MORE QUESTIONS, NAZI?



LT. HASS, SENDING THE IRONIC AMUSEMENT OF HIS OWN CROW, GREW RED WITH RAGE, HE SPAT IN THE SEAMAN'S FACE.



THE AMERICAN'S FIST CAUGHT THE NAZI OFFICER SQUARELY...



HE LAY SPRAWLED ON THE DECK'S PLATES, SCREAMING AT THE THUNDERSTRIUCK CREW...



TEAR HIM APART! I ORDER IT... IN THE NAME OF THE FÜHRER!! TEAR HIM APART!

THE CREW HESITATED, THE LIEUTENANT SCREAMED, COMMANDER VON KROCHER APPEARED THEN...



ACHTUNG!

LIEUTENANT HASS AROSE, SCOWLING...

I COULD NOT HELP BUT OVERHEAR, HERR LIEUTENANT! AND HE BAY-BARKING TO TREAT OUR PRISONERS OF WAR LIKE ANIMALS??

LOOK MONDEWEIS, HERR COMMANDER? I KNOW ONLY TOO WELL HOW THEY BUTCHER THEIR PRISONERS! SO, FOR THEM, THE RULES OF WAR NO LONGER APPLY!



THAT IS ABSURD PROPAGANDA, HERR LIEUTENANT! A LIE! I LIVED IN AMERICA FOR FIVE YEARS, AND I SAW FOR MYSELF THAT THEY ARE NOT A CRUEL PEOPLE! NO, LIEUTENANT! LIES WILL NOT WIN US A WAR!

MY INFORMATION ABOUT AMERICAN APOLOGIES CAME FROM MONSTER HENSEL HIMSELF! WOULD YOU CALL HIM A LIAR?



THE COMMANDER PRECEDED LT. HASS INTO HIS QUARTERS. HE STARED MOODILY AT THE YOUNG ARCHAIC NAZI, THEN SMILED...



THE AIR HAD GROWN HOT AND CLOSE. THEIR EYES SPARKED WITH THE GREAT DRIPPING INTO THEM.



SOON AFTER, COMMANDER VON KROMMER APPEARED IN THE TORPEDO ROOM. THE CREW AND THE TWO AMERICAN PRISONERS HAD BEEN GATHERED THERE...



THE LIEUTENANT GLASPED HIS HANDS BEHIND HIS BACK AND ROCKED TO AND FRO. HIS LIPS CURLED UP IN A WRY SMILE... HIS EYES COLD AND HARD...



COMMANDER VON KROMMER WAS ALONE NOW, AND HIS RAGE SUBSIDED... LEAVING WAY TO GRAVE CONCERN.



MEANWHILE, LT. HASS, ON HIS WAY TO HIS QUARTERS, PASSED HANS VOLKE, THE CHIEF ENGINEER, IN THE PASSAGEWAY. HE LISTENED AS VOLKE RAGERED AT THE COMMANDER'S DOOR...



COMMANDER VON KROMMER DREW HIMSELF TO ATTENTION AND RAISED AN OBER. THE CIRCULAR HATCH DOORS WERE SWUNG WIDE, AND TWO CREWMEN CLIMBED, HEAD FIRST, INTO THE EMPTY TORPEDO TUBES...



THE COMMANDER BARKED ANOTHER ORDER AND THE TWO GERMAN U-BOAT CREWMEN WERE "SHOT" TO THE SURFACE.



ANOTHER PAIR FOLLOWED! AND ANOTHER... ONLY THE CHIEF CREWMEN STOPPED TO QUESTION HIS SUPERIOR OFFICER.



BUT I REPORTED TO YOU, SIR, THAT—

YOU HEARD MY COMMAND, VOLKE? INTO THE TORPEDO TUBE OR I WILL PUT A BULLET IN YOUR HEAD!

THEN VOLKE WAS GONE, AND ONLY COMMANDER VON KROHNER AND HIS TWO AMERICAN PRISONERS WERE LEFT. THEY... AND LIEUTENANT HERRICH, HASS.



JUST WHAT WAS IT VOLKE REPORTED TO YOU, HERE, COMMANDER? WAS IT THAT THE REPAIRS HAD BEEN MADE AND THAT WE COULD PROCEED?

ANY FURTHER IMPERTINENCE FROM YOU, LT. HASS, AND I'LL SHOOT YOU DOWN!

YOU AMERICANS? NO? I WILL NOT PLAY A PART IN A BETRAYAL OF OUR FATHERLAND? HASS! YOU WILL RELEASE THEM!



COMMANDER VON KROHNER POINTED HIS FINGER AT THE SEething YOUNG NAZI... HIS COMMANDER'S ORDER. ONE AMERICAN AFTER THE OTHER WAS SHOT FROM THE U-37... SQUEEZED UPWARD FROM TWENTY FATHOMS BY THE PRESSURE OF THE SEA...



AND THEN THEY WERE ALONE... THE YOUNG NAZI AND HIS OLD-LINE COMMANDING OFFICER. THERE WAS COLD HATE IN THE STEEL GREY EYES OF LT. HASS AS HE TURNED TO COMMANDER VON KROHNER, THE STEAMING AIR OF THE U-BOAT WAS SUDDENLY CLOSE.



WELL, HERE, COMMANDER?

JAH, LT. HASS? YOU WERE RIGHT? VOLKE DID REPORT THAT THE REPAIRS HAD BEEN MADE!

LT. HASS, HIS FISTS CLENCHED, HIS KNUCKLES WHITE, HIS LIPS CURLED IN A SNARL, TOOK A STEP TOWARD HIS COMMANDER...



BUT WE CANNOT PROCEED WITHOUT A CREW, CAN WE, LIEUTENANT?

TRAITOR!

TRAITOR!

NO, LIEUTENANT? AS YOU WERE, ON ST. GOR, I'LL FORGIVE YOU. NO, LIEUTENANT, IT IS YOU WHO ARE THE TRAITOR! YOU NAZIS... WHO BETRAYED A NATION... A WHOLE WORLD... FOR THE GLORY OF A FEW GREEDY, BRUTAL MADMEN!

SPOKE LIKE A TRUE PRUSSIAN! YOU ADMIRALTY MEN THRIVE ON WAR AND WHEN YOU THINK YOU MAY LOSE ONE, YOU LOOK AROUND FOR SOMEONE ELSE TO BLAME!



COMMANDER VON KROMMER SAFFLED WITH DESPAIR AND TURNED SLOWLY AWAY FROM THE LIEUTENANT, DROPPING HIS GUN TO HIS SIDE. HASS'S HAND CREEPT STEALTHILY TO THE LUGER HIDDEN IN HIS TUNIC...

WE THRIVE ON HONOR, LIEUTENANT! THIS WAR IS WITHOUT HONOR! IT IS A STUPID WAR... RUN BY STUPID LEADERS AND STUPID BLIND FOLLOWERS! I KNOW ALL ABOUT YOU, LIEUTENANT! YOU ARE A BASTARD OFFICER, ARE YOU NOT?

QUITE RIGHT, KROMMER. YOU HAVE BEEN UNDER SELF-VENGEANCE FOR SOME TIME... YOU AND THE OTHERS WHO WERE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE BOMB PLOTTING AGAINST OUR GLORIOUS FATHER!



COMMANDER VON KROMMER SAT DOWN NEARLY...

A JUTTY A PITY IT DO NOT MOVE! PERHAPS, BY NOW, GERMANY MIGHT HAVE BEEN SAVED FROM SELF-DESTRUCTION... YOUR KIND OF LING, STUPID SELF-DESTRUCTION!

DROP YOUR GUN, KROMMER! FROM NOW ON, YOU ARE UNDER MY ORDERS!



YOUR ORDERS, HASS? BUT I HAVE BEEN UNDER YOUR ORDERS, YOUR STUPID, MANIACAL, NAZI-HEAD-ORDERS! IT'S YOUR ORDERS THAT WILL DESTROY GERMANY FOR US! YOU STUPID, STUPID ORDERS!

SHUT UP! SHUT UP!



STUPID! YOU NAZIS ARE STUPID! BY DESTROYING OTHERS YOU WILL DESTROY YOURSELVES! STUPID! STUPID!

SWINE!



THE LUGER BARKED ONCE... TWICE... IN THE THICK AND LOVELY AIR OF THE DESERTED SILENT U-BOAT. COMMANDER KROMMER SANK SLOWLY TO THE WEATED DECK-PLATES... SMILING...

YOU SEE... LT. HASS? YOU NAZIS ARE... STUPID! YOU DO... DESTROY YOURSELVES... WHEN YOU... DESTROY OTHERS...

NO! NO! GOTT IN HIMMEL! I DIDN'T MEAN TO SHOOT!



THE YOUNG NAZI STOOD OVER THE PRUSSIAN OFFICER... BEWILDERED... HELPLESS... WATCHING HIS LAST CHARGE AT LIFE PACE AWAY...

NOW, LIEUTENANT HASS! NOW, WHO WILL SHOOT YOU... FROM THE TORPEDO TUBES?



...AND THE EMPTY SILENT U-BOAT ECHOED WITH A SILKINT KIND OF LAUGHTER...



**WE KNOW
YOU'LL ENJOY
THE LUSTY,
SWASHBUCKLING
ADVENTURES
IN OUR NEW
SEAGOING MAG!
"PIRACY" IS
A TREASURE
CHEST OF SALTY
SEA YARNS
PRESENTED IN THE E.C. TRADITION!**



SO SAIL DOWN TO YOUR
LOCAL NEWSSTAND, MATES...
DO A LITTLE EXPLORING
THROUGH THE REST OF THE
BILGE... AND COMMANDER
YOUR COPY, IF YOU'RE NOT
THE OUTDOOR TYPE AND
WOULD RATHER IMPORT
"**PIRACY**". YOU CAN
SUBSCRIBE! JUST FILL OUT
THE COUPON AND SHIP
OFF, TOGETHER WITH ONE
HUNDRED PIECES OF CENT
(THAT'S ONE BUCK,
LANDLUBBERS!) TO:

THE SEASICK EDITORS OF
PIRACY
ROOM 706
225 LAFAYETTE STREET
N.Y.C. 12, N.Y.

OKAY, YOU FO'C'SLE RATS! I'M
SHANGHAIED! HERE'S \$1.00 FOR THE NEXT
EIGHT ISSUES OF **PIRACY**!

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

ZONE
NO. _____

STATE _____



THE BEAST



When Tony Lopez and Manuel Roca were old enough, they found work on the rans fishing boats, so had their fathers before them. It was hard to tell when Tony and Manuel stopped being boys and became men; it might well have been when they both fell in love—with Nina del Guato. For a while the two men were still friends, but at the first time near when Nina would choose between them, their rivalry grew bitter.

Tony and Manuel fished from the San Simeon which was named for the town from which they and the captain and all the crew came. The rains were more unreliable than usual this particular day, for the weekend had come and gone, and both were so busy making ready for the rains run that neither had had a chance to see Nina. There was only time to race to the docks before the San Simeon cast off. But as the vessel dragged seaward, and Tony and Manuel stood astern and looked to shore, they saw Nina on the dock, waving. They waved back at her.

"Seamama!" growled Manuel, glaring at Tony.

"She doesn't wave to you. Only to me!"

Tony's dark eyes flashed. "Don't be a fool, Manuel. You may as well know now—Nina is mine!"

There were more words, and the exchange grew more heated until only the interference of other crewmen prevented a fierce fight. "Carraumba," cried one old-timer. "Save this foolishness for the land. It is more important to think of catching rain!" So Tony and Manuel kept their distance until the San Simeon joined the rear of the fishing fleet, and there came the cry, "Túas!" Then, for five full minutes the rains ran so thick one just threw in the hook and heaved the fish into the hold. But suddenly the rains were gone. The captain swore.

"It's that cursed Beast!" Every man aboard knew at once. Capt. Gonzales referred to the shark, whose presence in the fishing grounds meant the end of fishing for them. The captain rushed to his cabin and returned quickly with a .30-30 rifle. He pumped bullets at the Beast, but it dove for the deep. Every man aboard knew then that the Beast would stay with the boat, and that they'd catch no more rain, while all the other boats would fill their holds to the overflowing. The San Simeon tried in vain to outrun the shark.

Before long, tempers grew short, for most men aboard the poor catch would mean empty larders at home. Now Tony and Manuel had time to think of themselves and of Nina. There came angry words again, and then the fight. It was messy enough to

bring Captain Gonzales from the cabin, but he was unable to stop the fight. They went at each other with handgalls—sharp-pointed hooks with crossbar handles at the end of their short shafts. Yet the crew watched with cold indifference.

Escape Captain Gonzales. "Stop them!" he gasped.

"Let them die," a fisherman said slowly. "We'll be better off without them!" So the battle raged. Tony, though heavier, and slower, struck with mighty blows. Manuel, catlike, slashed with fastening speed, and dodged as quickly away. But suddenly Tony lunged to catch Manuel by surprise. Manuel dropped to one knee and Tony's momentum carried him over the gannet. The blood from Tony's wounds spread in the sea. It attracted the hated Beast—the monstrous shark. Manuel, who was at the rail, saw it coming. Without hesitation he vaulted into the water, his needle-sharp gaff in hand. He came down just under the shark and slashed with all his might. He felt the hook take hold in the thick hide, then he pulled back, and the gaff, capped open the belly of the Beast. There was a great churning of the sea as the shark heaved about in an dying agony. Then all was still, and the Beast sank and was no more. The crew cheered at the death of their enemy, they circled about and stopped to bring Manuel and Tony aboard.

They needed medical attention, and the captain headed for shore. Side by side now in the cabin, Tony held out his hand, and Manuel took it. They were friends again. They understood that it would be left to Nina del Guato to choose between them.

Nina was there when the San Simeon docked. She came aboard, and she wept at the sight of the two men who had fought almost to the death for her. Tony and Manuel looked at Nina.

"We were like foolish children, Nina," said Tony, "but only because we both love you so. But there is only one who can choose."

"Choose?" For a moment Nina was puzzled. And quickly she understood. "But—" she started, just as Captain Alonso Gonzales entered the cabin. He had been standing in the doorway, and had heard. So he explained for Nina.

"—But," he said, "Nina has already chosen. Nina and I were married Saturday, in San Francisco. For Dios! Don't tell me that is why you two were fighting. . . ." The captain shrugged, then turned and found Nina, and then they left the cabin, left Tony and Manuel, and they didn't look back.

MOUSE TRAP

IT WAS ON THE MORNING OF HIS NINETY DAY ON THE OPEN SEA IN THE SMALL BOAT THAT MARTIN HAWLEY SAW THE CLIPPER SHIP, STUDDING-SAILS FLYING, BEARING DOWN UPON HIM. AND MARTIN SMILED. HE WAS NEARLY DONE... HIS SLIGHT, SUN-BLACKENED BODY MOVED ONLY AFTER AN AGONY OF EFFORT... HIS CRACKED LIPS PARTED ONLY TO REVEAL A SWOLLEN, THICKENED TONGUE... AND YET MARTIN SMILED, HORRIBLY, BECAUSE, EVEN NOW, THE POISON... THE HATE STILL BULLED WITHIN HIM.

THEY'LL PAY! THEY'LL PAY! PAY! SARTER. ALL OF THEM NOW!



MARTIN WAS DYING. HE KNEW THAT, BUT STILL HE SMILED. THE BLISTERING HEAT OF THE SUN PROBED WHITE-HOT FINGERS INTO HIS SKULL. HE SAGGED, AND EVERYTHING WENT BLACK. THEN, THERE WAS THE FAMILIAR CREAK OF TIMBERS... VOICES.

HOW IS HE, BRONSON?
 BAD, CAPT! I'M AFRAID THERE ISN'T MUCH WE CAN DO FOR HIM! MY GUESS IS HIS SHIP FOUNDERED, AND HE'S THE ONLY SURVIVOR!



MARTIN HEARD THE VOICES AND HE TRIED TO RISE. HE FORCED HIMSELF UPWARD, OFF THE SHIP'S BUNK...

I SWEAR YOU'RE RIGHT, BRONSON. I'LL MAKE THE SHIP'S NAME IN THE LOG, WHATEVER IT IS! THE "SEA SPRAY"!

NO! NO! THE SEA SPRAY DIDN'T FOUNDER! YOU YOU'VE GOT TO LISTEN TO ME! I HAVEN'T MUCH TIME LEFT! IT BEGAN IN BRISTOL.



IT BEGAN IN BRISTOL. THE WET, GRAY DRIZZLE SEEPED THROUGH CLOTHING LIKE SOMETHING ALIVE, AND MARTIN HAMLEY CURSED IT UNDER HIS BREATH. HIS BLOOD WAS THIN. HIS FLESH WAS TIGHT AND CLOSE TO HIS BONES. HE WASN'T LIKE THE OTHERS. HE WASN'T BIG AND POWERFUL.



HERE'S THE LAST OF 'EM, SIR! SIX FOR CASTLE HARDS... ALL SIGNED UP!

SIX, MISTER CAMP? I'D SAY FIVE AND A HALF! ALL RIGHT, MEN... STOP YOUR SEAR BELOW AND MAKE READY TO GET LINDER WAY!

BETTER LET ME DO FIRST, LITTLE MAN! THERE MAYBE A SHIP'S CAT DOWN THERE AND SHE'D MAKE SHORT WORK OF A MOUSE LIKE YOU!

A MOUSE? YES, THAT WAS MARTIN! NOW THE OTHERS HOWLED AT SAWYER'S JOKE. AND NOW MARTIN JUMPED THEM FOR IT. IT WASN'T HIS FAULT THAT HE WAS SMALL...



BOFFY, LITTLE MAN, BUT I'M TAKING THIS DOWN! YOU CAN STOP YOUR SEAR ABOVE! YOU DON'T MIND, DO YOU?

N-NO! NO, OF COURSE NOT! I DON'T MIND...

BUT MARTIN DID MIND THE OTHERS... THEY WERE BIG... STUPID... LIKE ANIMALS. THEY PUSHED MARTIN ASIDE AND FORGOT HIM. THEY NEVER KNEW HOW MARTIN HATED THEM. THEY HARDLY NOTICED HIM AFTER THAT. NOT UNTIL, ALMOST ONE MONTH LATER, WHEN...



HAMLEY! SO YOU'RE THE ONE WHO'S BEEN STEALING THE SHIP'S STORES?

CAPTAIN VINCENT? CHARGE...



SIR, PLEASE... I, I WAS HUNGRY! AT MEES, THE OTHERS TAKE EVERYTHING! ALL I GET IS THE LEAVINGS! PLEASE, SIR, TRY TO UNDERSTAND.

I UNDERSTAND, HAMLEY! I'VE SHIPPED YOUR KIND BEFORE! THROUBLE MAKERS! YOU'LL TAKE SIX LASHES...

THE OTHER MEN WERE ASSEMBLED ON DECK TO WITNESS THE BEATING. THEY MUTTERED AMONG THEMSELVES AS THE OAT-O'-NINE-TAILS FELL. NOT BECAUSE THEY CARED FOR MARTIN HAMLEY. MARTIN WAS A NOBODY. A NOTHING. WHAT THEY HATED WAS THE LASH.



FIVE... SIX! THAT'LL DO, BO'SUN. SOME OF YOU MEN, CUT HIM DOWN AND TAKE HIM BELOW!

BUT MARTIN'S HATRED WAS FOR THE CAPTAIN, THEN. HE WANTED TO SEE THE CAPTAIN DEAD, IN REVERSE FOR THE WHIPPING METED OUT TO HIM. AND SO, SENSING THE CREW'S DISPLEASURE...



I KNEW... I KNEW I SHOULDN'T HAVE ISSUED ON THIS... THIS HELL-SHIP! NOT AFTER ALL THE STORIES I HEARD... ABOUT CAPTAIN VINCENT!

HELL-SHIP? THE SEA SPRAY? WHAT STORIES? I NEVER HEARD ANY STORIES ABOUT THIS SHOP OR CAPTAIN VINCENT!

THEY CARRIED THE BRUISED AND BEATEN MARTIN HAWLEY TO THE POKY-OLE AND HEARD HIS INSIDIOUS RAVING.

YOU'LL SEE! I'VE HEARD TALES! THE OLD MAN IS A DRIVER... A MAN-KILLER! WE'RE GOING ALL THE WAY TO CANTON HARK BY WORDS! BEFORE WE SOUND CAPE HORN, SOME OF US WILL BE SHARK MEAT!



SO MARTIN PLANTED HIS SEEDS OF MISTRUST AND DISCONTENT AMONG THE CREW, AND THEN HE WATERED HIS SEEDS, NURTURED THEM.



IT WAS SO EASY! A BUCKET OF MILD WATER IN THE POKY-OLE AND IT WAS DONE THE FIRST STEP.



WORMY PORT... BISCUITS CARPLING WITH WEEVILS... MOLLY HARDTACK... SLIMY DRINKING WATER. MARTIN DID HIS WORK WELL! AND THE SEEDS OF AMER GREN AND BLOODED. MARTIN WASN'T AMONG THE CELEBRATION WHICH WENT TO THE CAPTAIN AT LAST. HE WASN'T IMPORTANT ENOUGH. BUT HE COULD LAUGH INSIDE.

IT'S NOT THEIR FAULT IF THE STORES WENT BAD, ARE... THEY SAID THAT MATE! HE WOULDN'T EVEN LISTEN! HE'D SING A DIFFERENT TUNE IF I COULD GET HIM ALONE, A SHORE!



EVERYONE IGNORED MARTIN, EVEN THE CAPTAIN AND HIS MATE.

DID YOU HEAR THAT, SIRT LOOKS LIKE THE CREW'S OUTFOR MY NECK!

THE MEN ARE IN A BAD MOOD, CAPT! I WOULDN'T PUT MUCH STOCK IN SAWYER'S ANGRY THREATS! SAILORS LIKE TO TALK! JUST SEE TO IT THAT THEY'RE KEPT BUSY! A BUSY SEAMAN ISN'T DANGEROUS!



NO, PERHAPS A BUSY SEAMAN ISN'T DANGEROUS, BUT A SEAMAN LIKE MARTIN HAWLEY COULD BE BUSY WITH HIS HANDS AND BUSY WITH HIS BRAINS AT THE SAME TIME... ESPECIALLY IF HE HATED PEOPLE ENOUGH. HARD ENOUGH.



I KNEW IF I TOLD THE MATE THE FOOTROPS WERE ROTTEN, HE LAUGHED AT ME. HE SAID THE LINES WERE SOUND. I TOLD YOU SOME OF US WOULDN'T LIVE TO REACH CANTON!



THE BIG, HULKING FOOLS' LAUGH AT ARM, WOULD THEY? WELL, MARTIN USED THEM AND THEY NEVER GAVE US UP! INSTEAD, THEY WHISPERED AND DREW INTO A HARD TIGHT KNOT. AND THEN, MARTIN PLAYED HIS FINAL CARD.



NO ONE HAD EVER NOTICED MARTIN LEAVE THE FORTSLE AND RETURN. WHO NOTICES A SHADOW?

WOFF YOU THINK I MURDERED THE MATE?

THE CAPN THINKS SO, SAWYER! THIS IS FOUR KNIFE! I'VE SEEN YOU USE IT A HUNDRED TIMES! DO YOU DENY THAT IT'S YOURS?



NO, BUT I DIDN'T DO IT! I'VE BEEN HERE... IN THE FO'CASTLE... ALL OF 'EM! THE OTHERS WILL SWEAR TO IT. SOMEONE ELSE USED MY KNIFE!

WHO, SAWYER? WHY? YOU MATED THE MATE! YOU'RE THE MAN THE REST OF THE CREW LOOK TO! YOU THREATENED TO GET CARR!

BUT HE DIDN'T DO IT! HE COULDN'T HAVE LEAVE HIM BE! WE ALL KNOW WHAT KIND OF A MAN THE CAPN IS. HE'LL HANG SAWYER... GUILTY OR NOT!

THAT'S RIGHT! HOW DO I KNOW THE CAPN DIDN'T KILL CARR FOR SOME REASON OF HIS OWN? HOW DO I KNOW YOU DIDN'T STAY BACK, I SAY!



PUT THAT DOWN, SAWYER! I HAVE ORDERS TO PUT YOU IN IRONS AND, BY HEAVEN, I'M GOING TO CARRY OUT THOSE.



HE HE'S DEAD! THIS IS ROTNY! THEY'LL HANG US ALL!

NOT IF WE DON'T LET 'EM! HOW MANY OF YOU WANT TO GO ON TO CANTON WITH A CAPN WHO'LL STARVE YOU ON ROTTEN SLOP AND KILL YOU WITH ROTTEN RIDINGS?



AND HOW MANY OF THEM WANTED TO STAND TRIAL FOR MUTINY? THE ANSWER WAS...NONE! THEY HOWLED OUT OF THE FO'CS'LE RAZOR FOR BLOOD AND THE CAPTAIN DIDN'T WANT A CHANGE...



IT WAS OVER IN A MATTER OF MINUTES. THE CAPTAIN, THE SECOND MATE... THE BOYS' MEN WERE ALL DEAD. THERE'D BEEN A FIERCE TRIUMPH IN MARTIN'S HOLLOW CHEST, BUT HE'D HIDDEN IT WELL. LATER, WHEN THE BLOOD-LUST IN THE MEN WAXED...



SHO'S BOYS, WEN? ALL OURS? THE SEA SPRAY IS OUR SHIP?

HOW? WHAT, SAWYER? WHERE CAN WE TAKE HER? WHERE CAN WE GO?

GOOD? THEN WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH ME? I'LL GO ALONG

YES...WHERE? BUT WHAT WAS THAT TO MARTIN HAWLEY? HE'D ACCOMPLISHED HIS MISSION. HE'D HAD HIS HAND IN THE MUTINY. HE'D HUNG HIS VICTORY TO HIMSELF THAT DAY. HE'D LAIN IN HIS BUNK AFTERWARD, SLIDING, UNTIL...



THE WORLD HAS TO THINK THE SEA SPRAY FOUNDERED, HAWLEY? OTHERWISE, WE'LL BE HUVERED DOWN THERE FOR TO FIND EVIDENCE?

NO? Oh, GOS, NO?

YES, HAWLEY! YOU'RE THE ONE MAN WE CAN SPARE? THEY'VE GOT TO FIND GOD?



THEY DRAGGED MARTIN FROM HIS BUNK...



NO?
NO?
YOU'RE
WRONG!

THEY DRAGGED HIM FROM THE PORTHOLE...



YOU NEED ME! DON'T! LISTEN TO ME! YOU'RE ALL DEAD... STRONG! BUT YOU NEED MY BRAIN! PLEASE! DON'T...

THEY DRAGGED HIM UP ON DECK...



LISTEN TO ME! EVERYTHING THAT HAPPENED WAS BECAUSE OF ME! I MADE IT HAPPEN! I PUT BILGE WATER IN THE FORT. THE DISCOUNT! THE TIME THAT FOOTROPE BROKE, I GOT IT! I KILLED THE FIRST MATE! LISTEN TO ME! NO...NO...

IF THEY'D ONLY BEEN MORE BLIVER, THEY'D HAVE SEEN THAT MARTIN HARLEY WAS TELLING THE TRUTH! BUT THEY WEREN'T AS BLIVER AS HE WAS. THEY DIDN'T BELIEVE HIM! HE WAS A MOUSE...A NOTHING! THEY SET HIM ADRIPT IN THE LONGBOAT WITH NO FOOD AND NO WATER...



CRAZY LITTLE GUY. TRYING TO TAKE THE BLAME FOR EVERYTHING!

THAT LITTLE RUNT COULDN'T HURT A FLY!

THEN, THE DEAD SPRAY WAS DONE AND THERE WAS NOTHING BUT SUN...HOT, BLAZING SUN... THE SWELLED AGAIN THE MORNING... OVER HEADED SWELLING UP. AND NOW...NOW MARTIN HARLEY COULD SMILE! HE'S GOT THEM BACK... THE MEN WHO'D DONE THIS TO HIM...



FIND THEM...HANG THEM...

MARTIN SETTLED BACK DOWN ON THE BUNK, STARRING UPWARD WITH WIDE, GLASSY, BLIND EYES...A HORRIBLE PAIN OF A SMILE ON HIS FACE...



DEAD! WHATEVER IT IS HE WANTED TO TELL US, WE'LL NEVER KNOW NOW! IT MUST HAVE TAKEN HIS LAST BIT OF STRENGTH TO HEAR UP LIKE THAT!



I COULD SEE HIS LIPS MOVING AS HE PUSHED HIMSELF UP AND THEN FELL BACK! I SUPPOSE HE THOUGHT HE WAS TALKING, POOR DEVIL. BUT HE DIED WITHOUT SAYING A WORD!



SLAVE SHIP

TODD ELLIS WAS SLOW IN COMING TO AND SLOWER IN GETTING UP. HIS HEAD THROBBED LIKE A KETTLE OVER, AND A RICKY FEELING IN HIS BELLY HAD HIM LOOING AROUND FOR A CORNER IN WHICH TO HEAVE. IT SEEMED TO TODD AS IF THE STIFLING LITTLE ROOM HE WAS IN WAS SWAYING AND ROCKING GENTLY. AND THEN HE WAS *GONE*! IT WAS WHEN HE SAW THE OIL LAMP DANGLING FROM THE CEILING SWINGING TO AND FRO. HE BACKED HIS TORTURED MIND, TRYING TO IDENTIFY THAT TANG IN THE STUFFY AIR, THAT SHUDDERING, CREAK OF TIMBERS STRAINING AGAINST TIMBERS. NOW, SLOWLY AT FIRST, IT CAME TO HIM. TODD ELLIS WAS ON A SHIP.

THE...THE TWO MEN I MET AT THE INN AT ARUNDEN. I...I REMEMBER 'EM COMING ME TO JOIN 'EM IN A FRIENDLY DRINK? YEA, AND I...I DID JOIN 'EM! BUT THAT'S ALL I REMEMBER!



HE STUMBLED TO THE DOOR AND FLUNG IT OPEN... STAGGERED DOWN A DIMLY-LIT NARROW PASSAGE THAT REEKED OF SWEAT AND BRINE AND THE DAMP, PETID DOOR OF POTTING WOOD.

SHANGHAIED? THAT'S WHAT THEM FELLERS DID TO ME? I BEEN DRUGGED AND SHANGHAIED?



HE REACHED THE COMPARTMENTWAY AND LABORED TOPSIDE ON WHEAT, WOBBLING LEGS. IT WAS NIGHT...A STARLESS NIGHT...BLACK AS PITCH. THE ONLY SOUND WAS THE SWISH OF THE SEA, RUSHING BY AND THE WHINE OF THE WIND IN THE SAILS OVERHEAD. A WERT, RAT-FACED MAN APPEARED THEN. SUDDENLY, OUT OF THE DARKNESS, STARTLING TODD.

SO YE'VE FINALLY COME 'ROUND? YE'RE AROUND THE BARK ATLANTIC TRADER? I'M 'EN FIRST MATE, HARRY GREER? YE'LL BE TAKIN' ORDERS FROM ME!

YOU'VE MADE A BAD MUSTARD, MISTER!



I'M NO SAILOR, MISTER.
JUST A KARRÉE FARMER!
I AIN'T NEVER BEEN ON
BOARD A SHIP BEFORE. I
DON'T KNOW NUTHIN'
ABOUT SAILORS!



YE'LL LEARN, SWINE.
OR YE WON'T EAT!
NOW, GET BELOW T'HE
FO'C'S'LE AND COME
A-RUNNIN' WHEN YERE
CALLED FOR WATCH!

TOD SWALLOWED HIS MOUNTING ANGER, SET HIS
JAW, AND PUGHED PAST HIS MATE, GREP, WHO
GRABBED HIS ARM IN A STEEL GRIP AND SPUN
HM AROUND...



I'M NOT STARTIN' ON
THIS SHIP, MISTER. I
GOT A FARM THAT
NEEDS ME! SO, GET
YOUR DIRTY PANTS
OFF!

ALL RIGHTIE, MATE!
SO APOOR IF YE WILL!
BUT IT'S A LONG SWIM!
WE'RE A GOOD HUNDRED
MILES T'SEA!

THE MOON CREEPT OUT FROM BEHIND THE
GREY MOUNTAIN OF CLOUDS THEN, RE-
FLECTING ON THE TOSING SEA THAT
STRETCHED AWAY IN ALL DIRECTIONS TO
THE DISTANT HORIZON. A GREAT FURY
AROSE IN TOD ELLIS'S BREAST, BUT HE
QUERIED HIMSELF, IN THE DEPTHS OF HIS
MIND, AS TO THE HELPLESSNESS OF HIS SITUATION...



TOD TURNED AND SLAMMED ACROSS THE DECK AND DOWN THE
COMPANIONWAY TO THE FO'C'S'LE, WHERE THE MEAN-LOOKING, DIRTY,
SWEARING CREW BLUNDED...



WELL, WELL!
NEED'D THE
KARRÉE
RUMPOUT
FARMER!

HE'LL BE DOIN'
HIS FARMIN' IN
SALGE FROM NOW
ON!

YU'LL SLEEP
IN THE HULLS,
TOD! WE'LL
HAVE NO
DORN-EASTER
SMELLIN' UP
OUR QUARTERS!

NOW
THERE'S
A QUEEN
ROMARK TBE
COMIN' FROM
A TWO-LEGGED
SONG FILE!

TOD'S FURY HAD SCREAMED FOR
RELEASE, AND HERE, TSO HAD
FOUND HIS OUTLET...



YOU HEAR
WHAT HE
CALLED
YOU, BULL?

BULL? I GOT A
BULL AT HOME, BUT
HE WAS NEVER
DIRTY LIKE THAT!

THE WHITE, "BULL" HANSON, LET
OUT AN ANGRY YELLOW AND
CHARGED AT TOD...



WHT, YOU DIRTY SON
OF A SLIMY SEACOD!
I'LL...

TOD'S FIST MET THE CRUSHING
ANGRY SEAMAN HEAD ON, DRIVING
DEEP INTO THE BIG MAN'S OUT...



U-H-H-H-H-H!

CAUGHT COMPLETELY BY SURPRISE, "BULL" DOUBLED UP IN PAIN, CLUTCHING HIS MIDDLE. TEO BROUGHT HIS CLASPED HANDS DOWN SANGUINELY ON THE BACK OF THE BRUTE'S NECK.



...THEN KICKED UPWARD WITH HIS KNEE, SMASHING IT INTO THAT UGLY, GRIMACING FACE...



THE BRUISER WENT DOWN LIKE A DYING ELEPHANT, SETTLING AWKWARDLY TO THE SPIT-STAINED DECK BOARDS, HIS NOSE SPURTING BLOOD, HIS LIPS SWELLING FAST, MINUS TWO TEETH HE'D HAD JUST SECONDS BEFORE.



ANOTHER SEAMAN MADE A MOVE AND THE ENRAGED FARMER, STILL GIVING VENT TO HIS SPLEEN, GRABBED HIM...



TEO WOULD HAVE FOUGHT THEM ALL, BUT A BELAYIN' PIN, SWUNG FROM BEHIND, CAME DOWN ON HIS BACK, AND HE SANK INTO A MOTIONLESS HEAP...



...HELD HIM ALDFT.



...AND FLUNG HIM, LIKE A PILE OF WET RAGS, AT THE ASTONISHED SAILORS...



FROM THEN ON, THE CREW GAVE THE FARMER HIS DUE RESPECT, BUT TEO DRAINED AT HIS PREDICAMENT, AND ONE DAY, HE SOUGHT OUT THE CAPTAIN, SAMUEL STEVENS...



"I AIN'T A 'WAITIN' FOR MY TURN TO FIGHT 'IM!"

"I'VE BEEN TRYIN' T'FIND OUT WHAT CARD YOU COULD BE CARRYIN' THAT'D BE IMPORTANT ENOUGH TO MAKE YOU STEAL A MAN FROM HIS HOME, CAPN?"

"YE'LL FIND THAT OUT SOON ENOUGH, LAD!"

OUTSIDE THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN, THE MATE, HARRY GREEN, DOONLOO AT WHAT HE OVERHEARD...

WELL, I'VE **ALREADY** FOUND OUT THAT IT'S **SOMETHIN'** YOU'RE **ASHAMED T' TALK** ABOUT, CAP'N!



GREEN ADAM STOOD NEARBY, SPYING, LISTENING TO THE CAPTAIN'S SOFT, SURE T' REPLY...

I AM, ELLIS! MY OWN **SPEED** MAKES ME **SICK TO MY STOMACH**. BUT I'VE BEEN BORN BY A **SON-TRUST** WHICH **ENDS** WITH THIS TRIP, AND, SO HELP ME GOD, THE **ATLANTIC TRADER** WILL **NEVER** CARRY **ANOTHER HUMAN CARGO** INTO **SLAVERY** WHILE I **OWN HER!**



ONE NIGHT, WHILE IN HIS HAMMOCK, TOO HEARD THAT INCESSANT GRANT SUDDENLY CHANGE TO CRIES OF AGONY. HE DASHED TO THE SWEAT-REPOULED HOLD WHERE THE SLAVES WERE CRAMMED LIKE CATTLE...



HOLD IT, BULL BANSON. YOU LAY THAT WHIP ON THAT MAN **ONCE MORE**, AND I'LL **FINISH** THE JOB I **ONCE** **STARTED** ON YOU!

TOO WAS BELOW DECKS THAT EARLY MORNING IN SEPTEMBER, 1840, WHEN HE HEARD THE MUSTY SQUEAL OF THE CAPTAIN AS THE CLANGING ANCHOR CHAIN PAID OUT. HE RUSHED TOPSIDE AND SAW THE DENSE LOFTY JUNGLES OF A LONELY AFRICA BEACH. AND THEN HE SAW A SIGHT THAT FILLED HIM WITH ANGER AND REVELATION...



AND HARRY GREEN THOUGHT TO HIMSELF...

THEN **WESSE** YOU'LL **STOP** BEIN' HER OWNER, CAP'N STEVENS. AYE, I'D BE **PLEASED** T' TAKE OVER AND GET **FOUR** SHARE OF THE PROFITS.



MANY A NIGHT ON THE LONG RETURN VOYAGE, TOO ELLIS STOOD HIS LONELY WATCH AND HEARD, WITH HEAVY HEART, THE MOORNFUL GRANT OF THE HUMAN CARGO SHAKLED IN THE HOLD...

HOW WELL I KNOW THE FEELIN' OF BEIN' **STOLEN AWAY** FROM THE LAND A MAN BELONGS TO AND **LOVES!**



TOO SNATCHED THE WHIP AWAY. "BULL" SLOWERED IN PROTEST...

IT'S THAT HIS **BLACK** THEY CALL **M'WOMAN!** I GET **TIRED** OF HEARIN' HIM **MOANIN'** AN **SHOANIN'!**

THEN GET **OUT** OF HERE AND **DON'T LISTEN!** HAND OVER THE **KEYS!** I'LL **FINISH** YOUR **WATCH!**



"BULL" HARKON BULKED OFF, THEN TOO KNELT BESIDE THE AFRICAN GIANT AND SAW HOW THE HEAVY IRON ANKLE-CHAINS HAD RUINED PAW THE SWOLLEN FLESH...

"HERE! LET ME LOOSEN UP ON THOSE ARMS, W'ENUMA. THEY MUST BE KILLIN' YOU!"



TOO STOOD FROZEN, TOO HORRIFIED TO CRY OUT, AS THE MATE, HARRY GREER, MOVED SUDDENLY, HE SAW THE GLINT OF STEEL, HEARD THE BULL THUD.



Nobody moved! TOO WHISLED, HIS FACE FLUSHED WITH ANGER...

"YOU FILTHY SCUM! YOU CALL YOURSELVES MEN? YOU THINK YOU'RE FREE? YOU'RE NOTHIN' BUT SLAVES YOURSELVES... SLAVES TO YOUR OWN GREED! YOU'RE NOTHIN' BUT VILE PEDDLERS OF HUMAN FLESH!"



HIS TORTURED FETTERS LOOSENED. W'ENUMA BARED WHITE, GLASSING TEETH AT TOO IN A SMILE OF GRATITUDE. THE BARKER LOOKED AROUND BADLY AT THE SWEAT-STREAKED, ERMONY BODIES BEFORE HE LEFT THE PAUL, RECKING PRISON...



BEFORE THE CAPTAIN COULD SINK TO THE DECK, GREER SHOULDERED HIM OVER THE RAIL. THE BODY PLAIRED DOWN FAST TOO ON THE WAY TO ITS WATERY GRAVE...



THE MEN SQUINNED UNCOMFORTABLY. TOO TURNED TO GREER...

"AND YOU, GREER, ARE A ROTTEN LIAR! ROTTEN YOU MURDERED CAPN STEVENS BE- CAUSE THERE WAS STILL SOME ODDENY LEFT IN 'IM... BECAUSE HE WAS GOING TO GOIT BLAVIN' AFTER THIS TRIP!"



TOO CAME ON DECK AND WAS PASS- ING BELOW THE QUARTER DECK WHEN HE HEARD ANGRY MUTTERING...



TOO RACED TO THE Y'ICLE AND APPRAISED THE CREW OF GREER'S ACTIONS. THEY SCRAMBLED TO THE QUARTERDECK AND CONFRONTED HIM.

"ALL RIGHT! I'LL NOT DENY IT! I GOT RID OF 'IM! BUT LET ME TELL YE WHY! HE WAS CHEATIN' US... L'VIN' TO US ABOUT THE PROFITS... KEEPIN' MORE THAN HIS SHARE FOR HIMSELF! NOW WE CAN ALL SPLIT IT. ARE YE WITH ME?"



THE MEN SQUINNED UNCOMFORTABLY. TOO TURNED TO GREER...

"AND YOU, GREER, ARE A ROTTEN LIAR! ROTTEN YOU MURDERED CAPN STEVENS BE- CAUSE THERE WAS STILL SOME ODDENY LEFT IN 'IM... BECAUSE HE WAS GOING TO GOIT BLAVIN' AFTER THIS TRIP!"



THE CREW STOOD BACK, LEMMY, AS THE WILY HATE FLUNG HIMSELF AT THE MAINE FARMER, STACKEING HIM WITH A SLASHING RIGHT...



MEANWHILE, IN THE HOLD, M'WUMU HAD BEEN WORKING PAINFULLY AT HIS LOOSENED SHACKLES, TRYING TO SLIP THEM OVER HIS FEET. HE PUSHED AND TWISTED, TEARING FLESH...



ON DECK, GREEN RACED HIS KNIFE...SNAPPING. TOD SHOOK HIS HEAD, TRYING TO CLEAR THE CON-
VEXERS...



CAUGHT UNARMED, TOD STUMBLER ON THE DECK, HIS HEAD SPINNING FROM THE SAVAGE BLOW. GREER STOOD OVER HIM, SLOWLY DRAWING HIS KNIFE...



FINALLY, THE SHACKLES CAME AWAY. M'WUMU WAS FREE. HE STOOD UP, HIS EYES BURNING WITH HATE AND LONGING FOR HIS CAPTORS...



AND SLOWLY, HE MADE HIS WAY THROUGH THE CHAINED HUMANITY THAT WAS HIS PEOPLE TO THE LADDER LEADING UPWARD FROM THE HOLD...



AS THE SLEAMING KNIFE BLADE STARTED ON ITS ARC DOWN-
WARD, A SLEEK, LITHE, ESBONY FORM FLASHED PANTHERLIKE
THROUGH THE AIR...



THE KNIFE CLATTERED ACROSS THE DECK AND GREEN COLLAPSED BENEATH THE BLACK GIANT'S OVERPOWERING WEIGHT...

HE TRIED TO RISE. THERE WAS A SICKENING, AUGIBLE, CRASHING OF BONE AS M'WHUNA WHIPPED HIS HUGE, POWERFUL ARMS AROUND HARRY GREEN AND CRUSHED HIM TO DEATH...



THE TREACHEROUS WATE'S BODY SLIPPED TO THE DECK AND THE CREW SHRANK BACK IN SILENT AWE. TOO AND M'WHUNA FACED THEM...

NO ONE MOVED. TOO SMILED.

NO TAKERS? GOOD! THEN SOME OF YOU GET BELOW TO THE HOLD AND START REMOVING THE CHAINS FROM THOSE PEOPLE DOWN THERE. BRING 'EM UP HERE FOR SOME GOOD, CLEAN, FRESH AIR!

THE MEN SCRAMBLED BELOW, TOO TURNED TO M'WHUNA AND SMILED AND EXTENDED HIS HAND. THE BLACK GIANT HESITATED, THEN UNDERSTOOD AND TOOK IT IN HIS HUGE PAW...



I'M TAKING COMMAND OF THIS SHIP UNLESS THERE'S SOMEONE WHO CARES TO DISPUTE ME!



WHEN MORNING CAME, THE FREED CAPTIVES SAT ON THE WARM DECK, SOAKING UP THE BRIGHT SUNSHINE AND SINGING VOICE TO A JOYOUS CHANT. THE YANKEE FARMER STOOD BESIDE THE HELM, SURVEYING THE SCENE. THEN HE TURNED TO THE HELMSMEN...

MR. HANSON! THERE ARE A LOT OF PEOPLE ON THIS SHIP THAT WOULD LIKE T'BE A-GOIN' HOME, INCLUDIN' ME! BUT I CAN WAIT! SHOWS 'ER AROUND! WE'RE HEADIN' BACK TO AFRICA!

AYE, AYE, SIR!



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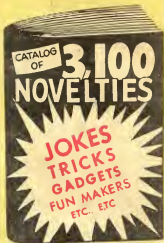
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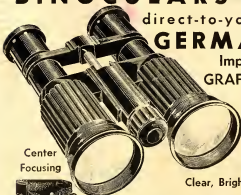
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